THE

Doſe of Claret.

Tune——*Lillibulero.*

THE Doctor is feed for a dang'rous draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a ſcore;
Of all the beſt drugs the diſpenſaries taught,
'Twere well cou'd each cure one diſeaſe and no more;
But here's the juice
Of ſov'reign uſe,
'Twill cure your diſtempers, whatever they be,
In body or ſpirit,
Wherever you bear it;
Take of this a large doſe, and it ſoon ſets you free.

By cunning directors, if trick'd of your pelf,
Your loſſes a doſe of good Claret can heal;
Or if you have been a director yourſelf,
'Twill teach you no loſs of your honour to feel,
Stocks fall or riſe,
Tell truth or lies,
Your fame and your fortune here remedy find;
If Sylvia be cruel,
Take this water-gruel,
'Twill ſoon cure the fever that burns up your mind.

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